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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the ferns,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorns, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy forest set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a graying.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I glisten, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wilderness;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## The Girl of Tiptop

By I. H. Cleveland

The school trustees looked dumb-founded. Slim Blair twirled his thumbs, Harley Coffin uneasily shifted his belt, while Hober Dett clicked his heels together and acted as if he wanted to take to the desert.

Rapidly moving away from the station of Sage Alley, the Fast Mail was showering the trio with hot cinders; but this was not what had disturbed them. The disturbance was the trim figure of a girl dressed in traveling gray—a girl so sweet and fresh in youth and health that all about Sage Alley seemed to take on new hideosness in contrast. Back of the girl was a suitcase and a steamer trunk. Ahead were the trustees, a two-seated mountain buckboard and a team of piebald ponies, predecessors of the automobiles that now shorten the distances which seemed so long to them.

Her eyes sighting beyond the three men, the girl took in the low, dirt-covered score of buildings forming Sage Valley; beyond these was a great expanse of sage-covered land and then the gray and blue line of the mountains, above which towered a single, snow-capped peak. It was all very wonderful, but agonizingly lonesome, to one from where trolley cars hummed and the marts of men made the music of trade. Martha's underlip began to quiver, and into her eyes stole a suspicion of tears. In those days, before the end of the last century, much of the great West was still untamed. Today all that is changed, and what was grim reality for Martha, seems to us like a mere fireside yarn of days gone by. Then, the spirit of the pioneers, and the sturdy spirit of the rival factions that sprung up after the pioneers, still survived. Many parts of the West were not closely connected with civilization, by phonographs, by radio, by cheap automobiles, and by the one hundred and one small inventions that serve to bring us all closer together, whether we live in the country in a small town, or on a mighty metropolis. If a girl like Martha abandoned her quiet home life and came to a remote community like Tiptop, she

had to expect that she would be almost completely cut off from the world she knew.

These men were not accustomed to invasions by gentle young ladies from the city. They knew how hard the life of a woman in such communities could be.

Harley Coffin came to his senses. In two steps he was by Martha's side, addressing her: "I presume you are Miss Bolton, the teacher for Tiptop. We're the trustees of the district. This is Mr. Blair, and this Mr. Dett. I'm Mr. Coffin. The last teacher at Tiptop was a man, and he didn't get along very well; so we tried to get a woman this time, who could understand some things. But we didn't expect—we didn't—"

There he broke off in much confusion, as something ridiculous in the whole situation struck him, and laughed. Martha laughed too, and so did the other trustees, and that broke the ice.

"You weren't expecting a girl—that's what you meant to end with—a girl who looks as if she didn't understand anything," Martha put in.

"Frankly, no, we were not expecting so young a person. The recommendations from your professors were so flattering we formed the impression—well not that you were elderly—but somewhat older."

"We expected to get a settled-down person," sagely observed Mr. Dett. Again a glimpse of tears appeared in Martha's eyes.

Mr. Coffin looked reprovingly at his associate.

"We have engaged Miss Bolton, and if we happened to overlook her age," he said, "we're not going to forget the excellent recommendations back of her. Come, we've a long drive, and Tiptop expects to give you a reception this afternoon, Miss Bolton. Our chief products up there are cattle, sheep and children."

Twenty miles of body-racking driving through the sage brush brought the party into the foothills and hard climbing through wonderful gorges and rich valleys dotted with sheep and cattle. Mr. Dett drove, while Mr. Coffin sat with Martha.

"These are the Centennial plains we have left," he explained, "and now we're passing over an old trail Custer used in '74, when he explored the Hills. Everything about here is historic, and you'll enjoy that after you get acquainted. Sitting Bull made this his retreat for years. Wild Bill always claimed the face of God could be seen in the sunsets from that jutting rock over there. He sleeps under the White Rocks now."

"I have never been West," observed Martha, "and I have only known New Jersey. I don't mean to be rude, but you all speak such good English. I thought—"

"You thought we were all 'bad men' and dime-novel cow-punchers," interrupted Mr. Coffin. "Well, we have some queer characters out here, but the backbone of the West is formed of people of intelligence. Mr. Dett graduated at Heidelberg. Mr. Blair is from the University of Wisconsin, I'm of old Hamilton. You'll understand us in time. There are fifty children at Tiptop to come under your care, and you'll get their hearts if you try to understand them—not from your viewpoint, but their own. Most young teachers fail because they make no effort to get into the child's place."

The glories of the lower ranges were unfolding before Martha as the ponies scaled the heights. Deep, blue-black shadows blotted out the details of the canyons, while the upper rock points were tipped with fire by the sun of the last day in August. Mr. Coffin spoke again.

"One caution, Miss Bolton. We are cattlemen at Tiptop; below us are the sheep men. The two do not now agree. The feeling is bitter at times. Remember, so long as you are in our district, anything you may say openly must be in our favor. Personally I wish the two industries could be at peace, but it seems impossible. Be careful to remember that your money is coming from the cow-puncher, not the sheep herder."

This was Greek to Martha. She loved cattle and sheep alike, and why anyone should quarrel over them was

incomprehensible; but she held her peace.

"Are you strong?" asked Mr. Coffin. "I can row, swim, ride horseback, box and handle a rifle," answered Martha with a smile.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, again taking in her slender figure with a critical eye. "I didn't know Jersey branded her girls that way."

The laugh over this had not ended when the piebalds pulled the buckboard round a sharp curve, flung out above a green gorge, and Tiptop came in view—a village lying in a cup of mountains, and having a hundred homes, general stores, corrals, and a schoolhouse perched on the highest elevation in the cup. An American flag floated over the school, and Martha could see there was a throng by the door.

"Ki-yi! Whoop-ee!" yelled Mr. Dett to the ponies, and they began to run, leaving an immense cloud of dust behind. In this way Martha dashed through Tiptop and was brought like a whirlwind to the mothers and children with whom she was to live for many a day. Before she realized what was happening, Mr. Coffin had swung her out of the buckboard and was presenting her to a group of brown-faced, sweet-eyed women—his wife and the wives of

other men.

Then came the children, ranging in ages from six to fourteen, all straight-limbed, fearless of eye, bronzed with kiss of the sun and wind of the high altitudes. In all the confusion she noticed that no one acted as if embarrassed. She was welcomed as if she had always been one of them, although she did hear a boy's whisper from behind her back! "Ain't she little? Say, a breeze 'ud take her off the range."

It was Herman, Dett's son, a boy of thirteen. She whirled quickly on him and caught his face between her hands, and cried: "Of course I'm little, but I can outshoot and outride you. Some day we'll try it." The boy colored, but did not drop his eyes. He was pondering a bit before he could ask, "Do you ride X or Y?"

Martha was momentarily puzzled. She felt she was under a child's test, that much of her future success with this mass of independence would depend upon her reply. What X and Y positively stood for she did not know, but something in the shape of the letters that came to her mind brought the quick response to her lips:

"I ride X, as you do—I ride astride."

A little later young Mr. Dett might have been heard informing his chums: "She's no maverick, if she does come from the East. She's real."

So Martha was taken into the hearts and homes of the people of Tiptop, having her own place to abide with the Coffins, her work with the children, who were slowly building themselves into future food-producers of the world. For idleness, lonesomeness, regrets for much of city life that might have been missed, she had no time. Tiptop was a dynamo of energy.

Not all of Martha's lines fell in pleasant places. Some of the people were very rough and did not understand her. Many things of refinement that she had enjoyed in the past were not to be had. And there was always upon the heart of every human being in Tiptop the shadow of trouble with the sheep men. The sheep were coming higher and higher on the range, and as the cattle were driven back by the grass-destroying characteristics of the invaders their own grew scantier.

"Where we could once graze fifty thousand head, Miss Bolton," said Mr. Coffin one evening, "we now are restricted in this district to thirty thousand. If this keeps on we'll have to move."

That night came trouble, in the form of a scrimmage in a small valley known as Piney Creek Basin. News of the trouble worried Martha all morning. Shots had been fired. At the noon recess she was still thinking of the bitter feeling between the sheep men and the cattle men. Walking to a lookout point in the range, she saw below her a vast sweep of plain. At her feet was South Dakota, beyond that, in a line of purple, Nebraska; to the southwest, the ridges of Wyoming; and to the northwest, the open that led to the Big Horn and Montana. This wonderful panorama did not hold her attention so much as a long view down the canyon and the sight of an armed body of horsemen riding upward. They appeared to have scouts and to be proceeding cautiously.

On the way back to the schoolhouse, she met Billie Terwilliger, who was bubbling with excitement over the accounts he had heard of the previous night's fight with the sheep herders.

"All our men have gone to Overton this afternoon, teacher," he said, "and tonight they are going to brush the muttonheads out of Baldy Butte. Christmas, I'd like to see that scrimmage! They say Jeff Pompon—he's a boss o' the sheepies—is pickin' mad. Dad sent him word last week he was goin' to eat him alive."

"Billie," asked Martha, "did you ever think you might be able to do more with your brains than with guns?"

"Why no, teacher. I guess brains wouldn't count much at Piney last night."

Martha could say nothing to this, and the children were called to order for the afternoon's work. Perhaps half an hour had passed, when without warning, the door of the schoolhouse was kicked roughly open, and there stood in its place, blotting out the sunlight, the figure of a tall man. In his hands lightly rested his pistols.

"Jeff Pompon!" gasped Billie Terwilliger.

Martha paled. She instinctively felt the trouble, but Pompon left no doubt on her mind. Half-American, half-French, he was the boldest of the sheep forces.

"You'll git yerself and the children out, ma'am," he said, his gray eyes burning into Martha's trembling heart, "fer we're goin' ter burn th' school an' th' town. We ain't fightin' wimmin and babies, but we happened to know Tiptop was alone today, an' we've got it. We're goin' to leave our cards for yer friends, th' cow-punchers, just in return for Piney last night. Now vamoose! Tiptop's surrounded, an' we're 'bout ready for th' bonfire."

They say blood counts. There happened to be in Martha's veins the wash of some old but rich ancestral crimson. Some of it had been at Quebec and some at Resaca de la Palma. Down near the peach orchard of Gettysburg certain stones marked where on both sides this blood had surrendered the sweetness of life to die like gentlemen. The startled eyes of the children were watching the dull edges of the muzzles of Pompon's guns. Martha's voice broke the silence:

"You will not burn the schoolhouse or the town. If you try, you'll have to kill me and these children. Children, stand up, march to my desk and face the door—heads erect, toes out."

Dumbfounded, defied where he least expected it, Pompon helplessly glared at the marching children. As the boys and girls lined themselves at the desk, Martha stepped to the front of them. Pompon's pistols dropped to a dead level with her eyes. They formed two shining lines of steel. If Martha saw them and the threat in the eyes back of them, she gave no evidence.

"Forward march!" she called to her pupils, and the small host at her rear took her step and advanced on Pompon. Pompon had never fought a woman. He sincerely believed according to his standard of life he had as much right to burn up Tiptop as Tiptop had to raid Piney and drive his herds away. Down in the village, his men, having driven the women and the few old men at home into the public square, were anxiously awaiting his signal for fighting the fires.

"Hold on, ma'am!" Pompon snapped. He might just as well have told Harney's peak to fall of its pedestal. The boys back of Martha had their fists clenched and the girls held their arms akimbo.

"You will go away, sir," shouted Martha, "and have no quarrel with women and children."

And at that moment, from down in the village came a wild yell. Pompon swung from the door of the schoolhouse as if electrified. His horse was at the hitching rail, and he was in the saddle just in time to see a swarm of Tiptop and Overton cattlemen swoop down upon his force. When the raiders had first struck the town in the early afternoon, it had been Mrs. Blair who found one quick quick interval of time to use the Overton telephone and warn the assembled cattlemen they were sorely needed at Tiptop, six miles away.

Howls of rage broke the calm above Tiptop; pistol shots sent echoes flying down the gorges. Pompon's force fled in every direction, and the leader himself, giving his horse free rein, made for Boxwood canyon, pursued by a dozen or more cowmen.

"Beefanhide, teacher," roared Billie Terwilliger, "you've got grit! Why, you buffaloe Pompon out of his boots!"

Martha faintly smiled. She didn't think she had done more than her duty, but this scene in the closing year of the nineteenth century had completely upset her notions as to just how far civilization had or had not progressed in the hearts of men. At her knees there was a queer shaking, and she would have liked to be back in the Jersey home with her head nestled on her mother's shoulder, a shoulder dedicated for years to tears and smiles.

She dismissed the children, feeling that book work for the rest of the day was impossible, and slowly made her way by a path somewhat removed from the main street of Tiptop to the Coffin home. Down in the square Johnny Blair was talking to a group of men.

"Talk about nerve," he declared. "Why Miss Bolton 'ud walk up to a cannon an' blow dust down it. Pompon had her covered, an' he was lookin' wicked, but d'ye think she laid down? I don't care if she is from th' East or anywhere else. She dared him to hurt us or th' town, an' he couldn't move till he heard dad's yell. She's got grit."

At the Coffin home the women made much of Martha, and rough, hard-jawed men brought their horses up quietly, asking in whispers if there could do anything for her. But there was nothing to be done, but as she rested in her room and Mrs. Coffin held her close to her heart, she exclaimed:

"This enmity between the cattle and sheep men is awful, Mother Coffin. Why don't they get together like big men and settle the differences without fighting? They are only eating each other up, making anger worse with bloodshed. I know I don't understand it all; probably both sides are to blame; but big men don't shoot each other, Mother Coffin, and they don't frighten women and children. Oh, I'd like to be a man in a muss like this!"

The cool of the evening came down from the peaks. The lynx yawned on its sheltering ledges and scented afar the folds it would ravage when the hands of night rested heavily on the plains. Over Elkhorn and Tooth-Jaw the constellations cast their teasing radiance, and an aging moon hung low.

Mr. Coffin, who had been in the village since supper, came home hastily, angrily throwing himself into an easy chair.

"I can't do anything, mother," he said to his wife, who was reading with Martha. "The Overton fellows have caught Jeff Pompon and brought him back. They've got him down in the square now, giving him a mock trial, and they mean trouble. Dett, Blair, myself and some of the others tried to reason with them, but their blood is up, and half of the Tiptop men are with them."

Martha knew instinctively what "trouble" meant. She knew that if she were to rescue Pompon from the angry, relentless mob, she must act, and act without a moment's delay. Mr. Coffin, respected citizen of the town, had been able to do nothing. Why should she, who had never so much as seen a mob aroused, be able to quiet one? There was no time to worry, no time to wonder. She bit her lower lip fiercely and turned.

There was the sound of a swish of skirts, and before Mr. Coffin and his wife could realize what was up, Martha was out of the front door, running down the street. Mrs. Coffin did not divine her purpose, but the husband did, and was after her, racing like a madman. Fast as he was could not overtake her, and she had fought her way through the crowd surrounding the prisoner and was standing in front of him when Coffin got there. He could hear her voice, low but every word distinct.

"I told this man this afternoon he would have to kill me and my school children before he could harm Tiptop. I'm only a girl, I know, but I tell you men now, you'll have to kill me before you harm him. I come from a country where we deal in fair play. I was told long before I came here you people of the plains and mountains stood for fair play. Now your anger has got away with you—you're going to murder this man. Why don't you make peace, let the law rule and each man take fairly what is his own? Are you going to teach your children to be at each other's throat when they take your places? What's the use of the school if this man is murdered by you tonight? What afterwards can I teach your sons and daughters?"

The burly German, Dett, stepped forward and cut the bonds which held the dazed Pompon. The crowd parted, and his horse was led in to him. Slim Blair pointed to the gateway of the canyon which led down to the sheep land. Pompon swung into the saddle, gave a swift glance at the faces upturned to his, swept his hat from his head and bowed low to the girl Mr. Coffin was supporting.

"Adios," he whispered. I will keep peace if Tiptop do."

And Tiptop did.—*Youth's Companion.*

## The Sign-Language of Deaf-Mutes

By O. F. Peale

Everyone, at one time or another, has seen a deaf-mute gesturing and gesticulating to another mute. To the uninitiated bystander, the gesturing may suggest a calisthenic exercise that has got out of control. This sign-language is a curious method of expression, but it is, with the manual alphabet, the mute's only practicable means of conversation. Pencil and paper, which must serve him for communication with the hearing world, are much too cumbersome and time-consuming for talking with his deaf friends. Furthermore, partly because of this same sign-language, and partly because of what might appear to be almost a congenital inability to master the intricacies of grammar, it frequently happens that two mutes cannot understand each other's written thoughts. The gestures of the sign-language, while their meanings may be perfectly clear and logical to a mute, play the devil with the King's English.

For example, where you or I would say, "Please pass the bread," the mute gets the attention of his neighbor at table, and proceeds to rub the palm of his hand on his chest—his own chest, of course—in a circular motion ("Please.") Then he strums the back of one hand with the fingers of the other, as though playing a guitar. This is supposed to be imitative of one method of slicing a loaf of bread, and the two signs together mean, "Please, bread."

The whole sign-language as used in conversation is a series of sadly-mangled sentences like that, and a mute who learns it in childhood often falls into the habit of thinking in sign-pictures rather than in word-pictures. So strong does this habit sometimes become that it is not unusual to see a mute thinking, or talking to himself, on his fingers. In the sign-language the mutes of good nature do not exist, and when the mute comes to set his mental pictures into written English, there usually results a jumble of elisions, clichés, transpositions, and, in short, a general grotesquerie of expression. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but anyone who has any acquaintance with the written English of mutes can usually recognize the tell-tale characteristics of the mute in the written products of nearly all of them.

The one-hand manual alphabet (which can be found illustrated in almost any dictionary) is used to spell out words for which there is no sign, for spelling names, and exclusively in classrooms of some schools for the deaf, where the use of the sign-language is forbidden. Thus a discourse may be composed of signs interspersed with spelled words, or the whole exposition may be spelled out manually. In general, the sign-language is a faster means of communication, because whole phrases can be expressed with one or two signs.

A large group of educators of the deaf are striving for the abolition of the sign-language. They would substitute strict oralism and lip-reading, and maintain that nearly every deaf person can be taught to talk. Perhaps, but I have had considerable contact with deaf people who have been educated in oral schools, and who have little knowledge of the sign-language. They "speak," granted, but their speech is strained and unnatural as to voice, tone and pronunciation. Usually they cannot make their words understood by anyone other than their intimates. I have seen an oral mute enter a store and try to tell the clerk, with much agonizing hesitation, stammering and lip-twisting, what he wanted. No good; almost invariably the "speaker" has to resort to pad and pencil.

Advocates of retention of the sign-language argue that it is a waste of time to spend hours daily in teaching articulation to children who can never hope to achieve more than a stum-bling, obscure speech. The time spent in this drill, they say, might be more profitably spent in giving the child the basis of a real education. Another argument is that the deaf child, the moment he finds himself away from his teachers, will naturally use signs in his communication with his playmates, rather than bother to try to speak with other equally poor lip-readers. Signs grow on him, and if they do have a peculiar effect on his English, what of it?

Almost all individuals in the mute world are known to their friends and intimates by some distinguishing sign. This saves the trouble of spelling out their names when they are wanted, or when one refers to them in conversation. The sign usually becomes attached to the person in childhood, and may consist of some gesture that refers to a characteristic of the individual, or, more usually, of the first letter, in the manual alphabet, of the subject's name—either given name or last name—touched to some particular part of the anatomy. Thus, in the first case, I am acquainted with a girl who is denoted by the sign for ice-cream, because she has a complexion as smooth and soft as that commodity. In the second case, a person named Smith, for example, might be indicated by the letter S placed against the cheek, against the shoulder, against the temple, or in some similar spot.

Just as among normal individuals, there are differences and idiosyncrasies in voice, in manner of speaking, and so on, so among mutes there are corresponding differences in method of expression. One person may express himself with clear, sharp, vivid signs, gracefully executed, while another may sign his thoughts with a fast, sloppy, and almost undecipherable delivery. We all know individuals who, in conversation, are prone to make unexpected use of words for an effect of drollery, sarcasm, punning, or whatever. Just so there are, among the mute, individuals who break out, not with the usual sign in a given case, but with some fantastic, picturesque, imaginative gesture.—*The American Mercury.*

## St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf

Boiling Memorial Chapel, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Lectures, first and third Sundays 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M.  
Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"He's true to God who's true to man; Whenever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THERE does not seem to be unanimity among local deaf people concerning the advisability of holding the convention of the National Association of the Deaf in New York during the year 1933. Some who are deeply interested in the progress of the National Association of the Deaf seem to think a postponement to another year would best serve the interests of the organization, as well as the pocketbooks of the members. Of course, the date of the convention will be fixed by the Executive Committee, though the proffer of the New York Branch has been officially accepted. It is true that there are plenty of the deaf living in New York City to hold a convention. But that will give it a local, not a national character. The "depression" would cause the attendance from other States to dwindle down to zero. "Well the depression was not able to prevent the Frats from holding a successful meet at Boston," is argued. Possibly those who so contend do not know that the Society pays the expenses of delegates, and the several divisions provide funds for alternates. The members of the National Association pay their own expenses, and at this juncture nobody seems to have very much ready cash.

RELIEVED of his work and worry as editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Gazette* of Paris, France, Mr. Henri Gaillard is slowly improving from the effects of the paralytic stroke which halted both his mental and physical activities nearly two years ago. Long ago his clearness of mind returned, and now seated in a wheel-chair he passes the time either in writing or reading. His devoted wife gives him every attention and his physician is giving him strenuous electric treatment. So that there is every promise that good health will be restored to this keen and indefatigable worker for the deaf of the world during his days of vigor.

Meantime *La Gazette des Sourds-Muets* is edited and managed by M. Ruben Alcasis, and is full of information concerning the deaf of European countries as well as La Belle France.

EVERY once in awhile it becomes necessary to warn correspondents that articles sent anonymously will not be printed. Unless the writer signs his or her name, the news sent is destined to be thrown into the wastebasket. The name will be omitted in print, unless the writer wishes otherwise. But news items demand signature of real name, so that the authenticity of the news gets a guarantee. During the past few weeks, the editor has been obliged to omit items that were apparently good and faithful, because the rule regarding anonymity was not observed. Again we publish the well-known rule observed by all reliable newspapers: "Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to sign your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

## CHICAGO

Our Illinois State School for the Deaf football team will play in Chicago next fall! The schedule calls for a game here September 24th, with the powerful Schurz H. S.—runners-up for the city highschools football championship last fall. Our I. S. D., with a total enrollment this year of 620 pupils, is biting off a big chunk in venturing to clash with the Carl Schurz eleven—a school having at least 4,000 students.

However the Lane Tech team, which lost to Burns' boys by a 26-13 score last fall, was 1930 city champion, having some 8,000 male students. So the outcome is not as hopeless as seems. Last time the I. S. D. ventured in these environs, we lost to Bowen high in the huge stadium, a few weeks before the same Soldiers' Field stadium saw a crowd of some 150,000 at the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Our game drew only 300 spectators—a mere fly-speck in the immense concourse.

Games with the Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri schools for the deaf are also on Burns' card.

The police of San Pierre, Ind., have caught and identified one of the bank bandits who on July 5th shot and killed a deaf-mute, Albert Renham, 50, during a hold-up of a bank. The newspapers made much of the case, as Renham didn't know what was said when ordered to raise his hands.

A pair of gunmen robbed the Oak Park Hospital of \$200, July 13th, and newspapers say their hold-up was interrupted by the entrance of a deaf-mute lady employed there. While there are three deaf girls on the hospital staff, it is believed the victim was Miss Catherine Kilcoyne, formerly of Gallaudet College.

Coach Robey Burns, of our State school, is the only Illini positively known to be attending the Olympiad in Los Angeles. He has a letter of introduction from Harry Gill, the famous University of Illinois track coach, in case it is ever necessary to vouch for his authenticity at athletic events out there in the Golden West.

Mrs. Grace Lord, of Peoria, secretary of the State association, is back in a Peoria hospital.

Mrs. Jack Kondell and the two kiddies are summering at Thorpe, Wis., with her brother.

Our Johnnie Leicht, of Waukegan, who returned home from his first year at Gallaudet early in June, after breaking college marks in both hurdle events, is now working in a summer hotel in North Asbury Park, N. J. So is that eccentric deaf Jack London, Andy Mack.

The Louis Korasek sent cards to local friends proving they went through the famous Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, July 8th.

Abe Kruger, Gallaudet's little blonde, has hitch-hiked as far as Colorado, where he made his headquarters at the home of ex-president J. Leon Harvat, of Denver's Fraters, while exploring the scene of our memorable 1927 convention. "July 12th, hill climb, hell climb, Pike's Peak 14,147 feet; am very tired now," he postals.

The long-awaited N. A. D. proceedings of Buffalo's 1930 convention, are out at last. Very nice job, Fanwood Press; 104 pages; several illustrations; well edited. The necrological report on page 53 lists 15 deceased NADS, of whom five were Illini—Wm. Allman, Chester C. Codman, Francis P. Gibson and Miss Elizabeth Scott, of Chicago, and Dudley George, of Jacksonville. Another, Dr. James Henry Cloud—father of the present superintendent of our State school—was an Illinois graduate, 1880. George and Cloud were past-presidents of the N. A. D.

Mrs. Arthur Johnson, of Rock Island, accompanied by her eight-year-old daughter, Marjorie, spent a week visiting Mrs. Laura Brashar here.

Miss Roberta Groves was hit by an auto for the third time, recently.

The Fred Hartungs are spending a few weeks at Como, Wis., in the summer cottage of Fred's sister. He recently became totally blind; when an operation on his remaining eye went wrong.

A prophet is never honored in his own town, runs the old saying. July 14th the editorial room of the *Herald and Examiner* received a dispatch from Dallas, Texas, anent a deaf-mute of this town losing a chess match by mail to one Troy Hill, of Dallas.

The copywriter happened to think of the similarity of the name in the dispatch, and sent a copyboy up to the composing room to inquire if any chance the local deaf-mute was the Meagher employed here the past twelve years. Meagher admitted it, and the skeptical copyboy gave him the once-over, shook his head, and reported. Next morning's issue had this:—

CANNOT BEAT CHESS RIVAL WHEN OUT-OF-SIGHT

All the way from Dallas, Tex., last night came news that could have been discovered in *The Herald and Examiner's* own printing rooms.

James F. Meagher, 3131 Eastwood Avenue, *Herald and Examiner* printer, a deaf-mute, has been defeated at chess. Worse. He has been beaten by Troy Hill, of Dallas, whom he beat twenty games straight last winter in face to face play.

This last game was played by correspondence and took six months.

"I couldn't beat Meagher face to face," Hill is quoted in the dispatch as saying, "because he made funny faces at me."

Word was received from Frederick Hinrichs that he was staying over a few days at Readlyn, Ia., with friends.

The mode of transportation was by the car that was able to go ahead on twenty-five miles per hour, half away across, on account of the internal mechanistic indigestion. The next stop was to be at Comfrey, Minn.

Despite her protests that she wanted a baby girl, Betty Lou Johnson, a full-blown, golden-tressed, four-year-old first born child was presented by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Richard Johnson, with a baby boy, 8½ pounds, named Carl Richard, Jr., born July 12th, 9:47 P.M., E. S. T.

Two current talks that can be appreciated by the deaf because their actions seem to speak louder and more intelligently than the spoken words are "The Wet Parade," even if it was obviously prohibitionistic and "Huddle," its leading star being Ramon Navarro, who, with his parents, playing the roles of Italians with extra dose of native gesticulations, will put you across with joy of being able to feel along with them.

The attendance of the deaf people at a picnic held by the Frats at Polonia Grove, Saturday, July 16th, was not as large as in previous years. However, a sum of money was cleared from the sale of lunch, soft drink, beer and ice-cream above the expense.

Attorney Quin O'Brien, a brother of Patrick, returned recently from New York City, where he visited his son, who is a professor at University of Columbia. He was invited to visit Alfred Smith, recently defeated nominee for president of the United States, and has been engaged by Governor Roosevelt as a political speechmaker in the city of Chicago.

Mrs. John Mass went to Kansas to be cared for at the home of her parents while awaiting the storm.

George Irvine returned last week from Coloma, Mich., after a few days' visit leaving his wife and her son to extend one week's stay.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cox has toured Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Canada, for experience.

William Gunner, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gunner graduated from University of Illinois. He received a diploma conferring the degree of banking and finance.

Word came to the Hasenstab family that Mrs. Patton, of LaPorte, Ind., formerly Miss Ellen McHenry, passed away, at Paxton, Ill., last Wednesday evening. Funeral and burial Friday afternoon. Her graduating class of 1872 is nearly gone; now two or three out of eighteen survive.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Draus and Hart W. Whitmore started after the service from LaPorte for Mr. Thomas Hainline's cottage at Lake Cold Water, Mich., to spend a month.

Miss Laura C. Sheridan, of Indiana, again came up to Chicago to spend a few weeks with her brother, Edgar Sheridan, of the *Chicago Tribune*. She spoke and offered prayer at the Methodist service.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Stafford on Thursday last, at Wesley Hospital; and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, at the County Hospital, a day or two before.

Mrs. Charles Roberts, a teacher at the Indiana school, has been gaining in health and strength under medical care and treatment, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Draus at LaPorte, during the past month.

### COLORED DEAF

Announcement is made of the marriage of St. C. O. Basden, who is at present in St. Louis, Mo., to a popular young lady hailing from Memphis, Tenn. They expect to spend part of their honeymoon in our midst in the very near future.

Mrs. Georgia Askew, formerly of Cleveland, O., but now of Los Angeles, Cal., is with us again visiting friends and relatives. During her brief stay here several social functions were given in her honor. She expects to return to California next week.

Mr. Alphonse Samuelson, of Birmingham, Ala., has come to Chicago to land something or bust, which stamps him of as one of the "Never Say Die Spirit."

### THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

### The Depression Hits Gallaudet

It is our understanding that the forthcoming Preparatory Class at Gallaudet will probably be the smallest in many years, due to economic conditions. The Congress has reduced Gallaudet's appropriations and there had to be a saving all down the line. Dr. Hall announced that the new class would probably number around forty members.

Students will be admitted to the class on an average rating. A good many who pass the entrance examinations will be out of luck by reason of having lower averages than others. That is going to be hard on them and a mighty bitter pill to swallow, and we can sympathize with them most deeply.

It is to be hoped that better times will return to the Green next year, for that would mean, perhaps, a normal Preparatory Class once again. We think recognition should be given to the candidates who pass this year, yet are not admitted because of a lower rank in averages. That is only fair and just, and we are confident Dr. Hall will attend to the matter with that fine sympathy which is so characteristic of his deeds.—G., in the *Deaf Oklahoman*.

## SEATTLE

The annual Lutheran picnic, engineered by Claire Reeves, A. W. Wright and Auntie Pauline Gustin, took place at the favorite park—Ravena Park—yesterday. Everybody reported a grand time. Baseball and horseshoe pitching were the main sports of the day. Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Westermann and their two boys were among the forty-eight attending, and they showed great interest in all the sports.

Little Ted Westermann was the live baby at the picnic. A nine-inning softball game, between Captain Bradbury's "Colts" and Captain Reeves' "Comebacks," resulted in a 15 to 11 victory for the Reevesites. Because of his skill as a type and horseshoe flogger, W. S. Root was chosen by Captain Bradbury to do the pitching chores. Root's lazy floaters baffled the opposition until the fourth inning, when the pill looked as big as a twelve-inch waterball, and the side was only retired when it became exhausted from circling the bases. One casualty was reported when Miss Eva Hoganson started a run in her stockings, instead of going around the bags.

Captain Reeves nearly sprained his ankle, but nevertheless, he continued playing.

Mrs. Jack Bertram's home was open to everybody Sunday, for Violet Gillis' bridal shower, planned by Mrs. Rex Oliver, of Everett. About twenty were present. Miss Gillis will become Mrs. Grant in the Fall, and live in Alberta, Canada. She received beautiful gifts. Among the refreshments served was the best spice cake we ever tasted, baked by Mrs. Oliver. She also brought shrimp salad, which was excellent, and indicated her skill in the culinary art.

Mrs. W. E. Brown was very much surprised, and we all had a good laugh at her expense last Saturday, July 16th, at her home, when she returned home from a ride in the Wrights' car, which was driven by Mr. John Dortero, while Mr. Brown and Mr. Wright were playing horse shoes. Mrs. Brown looked from one guest to another, who were playing bridge in her dining room, waiting for her return, when the friends arose and greeted her, wishing her many happy returns of her birthday. She was not thinking about her birthday, which was the day before. She was presented with several lovely gifts, and a purse of cash. We played progressive bridge till nice refreshments were served by Mrs. C. Reeves, Mrs. P. Gustin, and Mrs. S. Clark. Mrs. Brown was asked to sit down and enjoy herself, but she went about the kitchen all the same. There was a good crowd.

The monthly luncheon on July 14th, managed by Mrs. Jack Bertram, at her home, came out most pleasantly. Bridge was the program of the afternoon. Mrs. Emily Eaton's sister from Tacoma stopped to see her on her way from Anacortes, and brought her to the luncheon.

Mrs. John Adams, of Renton, was the hostess of the Auxiliary party at the home of Auntie Pauline Gustin this month. About twenty attended. First and second prizes were won by Miss Genevieve Sink and Mrs. W. E. Brown. As usual, fine refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. George Riley, of Victoria, B. C., and Misses Moeller and Coffin, of Portland, were present.

After a week's stay, Mr. Riley left, and Mrs. Riley was quite busy, going out almost every day. She was entertained at the homes of the Partridges, Bertrams, Reeveses, Roots, Hansons, Wrights, and her sister, brother and niece. At the Roots a lovely luncheon was served to eight guests and three children. Those present were the host and hostess, Mrs. Riley, the guest of honor; Mrs. Claude Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. Claire Reeves, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koberstein.

Mrs. Riley and her pretty daughter went home July 13th, to get ready for Katherine's two-week outing with the Girl Guides. This twelve-year-old girl graduated from the grade school last June. She will enter high school in September.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Garrison returned from the Hunter's Den on Lake Sutherland July 5th, while Mr. and Mrs. O. Treuke, of Omaha, were to remain till the end of the week, when they intend to resume their trip south, stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Deer in Shelton. Those who visited with Professor and Mrs. Hunter at their cute cabin, on the 4th, had a great time rowing, fishing, and swimming in the lake. Fish were plentiful, and they feasted on trout for breakfast.

Early one morning, before sunrise, one of the guests, thinking it was a strange animal, one of the beds out on the front porch, took his gun and was ready to fire, when it became distinct that the object was the big toes of Carl Garrison sticking out of the blankets. What if he had shot!

Everybody in Seattle was pained to hear of the passing of James Frederick Meagher, Jr., in Chicago. Most of us saw him when he was two years old, while he was with his mother, visiting at our house. A bright, winsome little fellow he was. All of the Seattle deaf extend their heartfelt

## sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Meagher.

The other Sunday, Mrs. J. Bertram entertained her friends to an appetizing dinner, and when Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Bradbury happened to drop in, they played bridge till a late hour. Everybody was merry.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koberstein's description of their trip to California was very interesting. They visited or took dinner with several of our old friends. Mr. and Mrs. McMann, Mrs. Himmelschein, Mr. and Mrs. O. Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn, and Charles Hammond were among those they visited.

John Bodley is back home from Tacoma, where he, for several weeks, helped build the new home of his daughter, Mrs. Paulson.

Mrs. Claire Reeves said there were about forty-five friends at the Yakima picnic July 4th, and that it was well prepared—all enjoyed themselves. She also stated that Mr. and Mrs. R. Rogers, of Ellensburg, served each of their guests a roasted squab when the Seattle visitors stopped at their home for dinner.

Mrs. May Gagne, of Everett, spent a night with Mrs. Pauline Gustin recently, and reported that her eighty-two-year-old mother broke her hip in a fall and was in a hospital a while until her death last month.

Gerald, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. McConnell, married a very nice girl near his age last June. They have purchased a furnished house at a good bargain, and are occupying it.

The two Palmer families, of Lewiston, Idaho, moved to Seattle July 3d. They have taken the Palmers' mother's vacant home in South Park.

While John Bodley went with his daughter to Moclipis, the famous beach on the Pacific Ocean, July 4th, Mrs. Bodley joined the Tacoma deaf picnic at Spanaway. Plenty of nice eats were had, and many contests were played. There were about forty-five in attendance.

### PUGET SOUND.

June 18, 1932.

### Syracuse, N. Y.

The Frat picnic at the Keller-Pabst Camp, near Baldwinville, on July 17th, was a howling success—as the wisecrackers put it. Many came from as far as Buffalo, Rochester, Oneida and Rome, and other nearby cities sent large delegations. Sandwiches, soft drinks, and other refreshments generally found at a picnic, were served, and the cool water enticed many in for a dip.

Various stunts were played, and some new jokes cracked by those who considered themselves funny. In all, a general good time was had by all.

Rev. Robert Root, of Hamlin, is making arrangements for a motor trip to his old home in Michigan City, Ind., the second week of August, when he has his annual vacation. He will be accompanied by his mother, Mrs. George Root, and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McRae, of Syracuse. They will be gone about two weeks or ten days.

Mr. Robert Conley and family have been spending a month down on the farm at Phelps, N. Y., where Mr. Conley's parents reside.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Merrill have returned from a motor trip to Albany and other southeastern points.

The Theo. Hoffmann family and Robert Conley recently spent a day with the Frank Lees at their summer camp near Boysen Bay, where they are spending a month.

The deaf colony of men residing on the south side of Syracuse have organized an indoor baseball team, and meet twice a week at Kirk Park, where they pass the time playing ball or tossing horseshoes—presumably to keep in trim for the Fall bowling team.

Mrs. Albert Meyers has been taken home from a hospital, where she underwent an operation several weeks ago. She has been suffering from diabetes, and had been under a doctor's care for a week or more.

PITTI SING.

### In Other Words, Pay in Advance

Automobile tourists are likely to meet with amusing experiences in their travels round the country. The Morris family drove into a small Western town some time ago, dog-tired.

"Let's go to a hotel tonight," said Billy. "I'm too tired to get this tent off and set it up!"

"All right," Mr. Morris replied. Accordingly the party sought out the one hotel in the town. "Can you give two adjoining rooms?" Mr. Morris said to the proprietor.

"Yeah, I guess I can," was the reply. "They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two."

A minute later, laden with baggage, Mr. Morris and Billy reentered the hotel, followed by Mrs. Morris and Alice, the little girl.

"Show us to our rooms now, will you?" said Mr. Morris.

"Yes, sir. They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two of them," the proprietor replied.

"Sure, I know," Mr. Morris agreed. "I've got my hands full now. I'll pay you in the morning."

"All right," the proprietor answered churlishly. "I'll show you to your rooms in the morning then."

## OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

Little news has come to me since I came here to my nephew's country home to rest. Reading about the intense heat in the cities makes me glad to be at this breezy point.

The Columbus *Dispatch* of July 20th carried a picture of Mrs. Percival Hall, Jr., of Washington, D. C., who with her husband stopped over in Columbus on their way to Colorado Springs. Mrs. Hall, the daughter of former Representative and Mrs. A. Black, of Ashland, O., graduated from the Ohio State University. Being editor of the national publication of Kappa Delta Sorority, she was the honor guest at a reception given at the sorority house near the university July 21st.

From reports that have reached me, the Ohio folks attending the summer school at Gallaudet have had a grand time socially as well as enjoying their studies and instructors.

At the close of the school, Miss Catherine Toskey will remain in Washington with her married sister, who recently underwent an operation and needs Catherine's help for a while.

Miss Zell will probably go to New York from Washington for a short visit and then to Baltimore to be Miss Elizabeth Moss' guest for a few days before coming back to Ohio.

Mr. L. LaFountain will probably take the quickest and shortest way to Cincinnati, where his wife has been visiting with her relatives, while Mr. LaFountain was brushing away the mental cobwebs and giving his time to psychology.

According to our home paper, one rubber factory, the India Tire and Rubber Co., of Akron, contemplates a wage increase sufficient to cover past cuts and now has about 450 workers on six hours a day; but no new man need apply for work, as the company is using its old workers only.

Mr. Charles Miller, physical instructor and coach at the Ohio school, has been spending a few days in New York City. We wonder what attracted him to the big city.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Jacobson have been resting at Mason, O., with the latter's mother and relatives and getting plenty of vitamin D into their systems. They had planned a southern auto trip for the latter part of July, but the heat has changed their minds and some time in August they, with Mrs. Jacobson's mother and aunt, will start northward to Madison, Wis., Mr. Jacobson's home. Their plans are to pass through Indianapolis, Chicago and Milwaukee. Later on they expect to go as far north as Green Bay and the Michigan line. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson were very fortunate in renting their lovely apartment furnished before leaving Columbus.

Looking through my home paper, I noticed that Mrs. E. R. Abernathy was co-hostess with a Columbus lady at a "spinster dinner" given at the Country Club, honoring a prominent society girl of Columbus, who is soon to be married.

E.

### Friendship

All that can be expected of any man is to make the best use of the things that are within his power. Only the contented man is rich; so must look for the things that bring contentment and first of these is to find a friend; and if you find two friends you are indeed a lucky man; and if you find three friends—real friends—then you are a rich and powerful man.

In prosperity it is easy to find a friend, but in adversity it is most difficult of all things. No matter how small a man's means may be, if he gives of what he has to his friend it is the same as if it was a great amount. A man's pleasures are insured by sharing them with a by friend and his griefs are reduced securing the sympathy of a friend. The counsel of a friend is the best counsel because it will be true advice; for, when received from a mere acquaintance, it may be so filled with flattery that its value will be destroyed, and faithful and true counsel rarely comes excepting from the true friend.

It is said in youth we have visions and in old age dreams, and the visions and the dream may give us an ideal of possession; but experience and contact with men compel us to accept the man who measures in his virtues only to the substantial average. If we view a man as a whole and find him good as a friend, we must not be diverted from the happy by using a magnifying glass upon his average—the everyday, human average—faults or frailties. We must, in order, to have and hold a friend, accept him as he is.

Augustine, who charmed the bees as thoroughly as the Pied Piper of Hamelin did the swarm of rats, lives at 131 Palisade Avenue, and is forty-five years old. When the excitement was over he visited police headquarters and began making signs to Lieut. Hall Cogle, which Patrolman Busch, who understands the sign-language, explained meant that Augustine wished to know who was going to pay him for taking such chances and overcoming such a crisis.

When the bees, which broke away from some hive, invaded the store, Augustine seized a box of honey on sale in the store, made some sort of a hissing noise, gesticulated, and started out of the store with the honey as bait.

When they got to the street, only half of Augustine's pack was missing. The problem was now how to get them off the street. Augustine, with some more arm waving, began searching among the bees and finally found the queen bee. He put her into a packing box, then all the bees followed her into the box. Augustine then fastened a cover upon the box.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, \$2.00 a year.

## The Government Printing Office

Every visitor to the National Capital who arrives by train is greeted by a great brick building which faces the Union Station here. If the visitor bothers to inquire as to its purpose, he will be told it is the government printing office. Here are printed all public documents, the Congressional Record, and stationery for the government departments and members of Congress.

As it is done today, government printing is handled in the largest and best-equipped establishment with the largest number of linotypes and montotypes in the world.

With the nation's celebration of Washington's two hundredth birthday at hand, it becomes of interest to learn how the government handled its printing during the administration of Washington, when the United States was starting on its career as a republic. The division of information and publication of the George Washington bi-centennial commission, on the authority of the public printer, George H. Carter, is able to present some facts that deal directly with the origin and growth of government publication printing.

The first mention of printing for the government of the United States occurs in the very first session of Congress in 1789, in the form of recommendations to Congress that proposals be invited "for printing the laws and other proceedings of Congress, both houses having entered into an agreement to have their journals and acts printed. However, not until 1794 do we find Congress ordering an expenditure of \$10,000 to provide "firewood, stationery and printing." Prior to this act, the cost of printing was paid out of the general contingent fund.

Ten years later, in 1804, we find Congress instructing the clerk to award the contract to the bidder offering the lowest price. For five years this contract system to the lowest bidder prevailed, but to no great satisfaction. In 1818 the Senate and House appointed a joint committee to discover a better method. This committee turned in a report unanimously and emphatically in favor of a printing establishment, owned and operated by the government, as the most satisfactory and economical method of handling government printing. Yet for more than 40 years this report was ignored and the Senate and House balloted each year on the choice of a printer to handle its work.

Finally, the great expense entailed by this method led to an Act of Congress on June 23d, 1860, which authorized governmental printing under the direction of a "Superintendent of Public Printing." And in 1861, \$135,000 was appropriated for the purchase of a thoroughly equipped printing establishment.

This was, evidently for the time a very modern plant, employing 350 persons, and it was in this plant that the government became for the first time its own publisher. President Lincoln appointed John D. Deffries of Indiana as superintendent, who promptly reported that the cost of our national printing had been decreased at least 15 per cent below the old contract prices. As the government and the government business grew, it became necessary to enlarge the plant, until finally, in 1889, the present great building, to cost \$2,430,000, was authorized. During the passing of the years the name the "Superintendent of Public Printing" had been changed to the shorter title, "The Public Printer."

### Deaf-Mute Takes 1,000,000 Prisoners

Police of Yonkers, summoned to rout a swarm of bees, which Patrolman Albert Liptack estimated numbered at least 1,000,



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

While the Donovans, with their daughter and Mr. Harry Salmon, a brother-in-law from San Antonio, Tex., were out motoring on Wednesday, July 20th, and being in Mattituck, L. I., at the spur of the moment, decided to drop in and visit some friends, and there they were cordially received as guests by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, at their beautiful home in the pines near Peconic Bay. They enjoyed bathing on their private beach, canoeing, rowing, sailing in their schooner, and clam digging. Mr. Thompson was busy digging clams, and when he had about a bushel, the Donovans were told it was all for them, and to their surprise at Mr. Thompson's great kindness, thanked him heartily. At six o'clock all were invited to an elaborate shore dinner, spread outside on a long table by the bay, which they enjoyed heartily. The cool breeze from the bay was also enjoyed, as the day was very hot. Those who were there on their vacation were Mr. and Mrs. Archie McLaren, Miss Josephine Albrecht, Miss Gladys Williams, Mrs. Marion Fitzpatrick, her brother and parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

Thursday the Donovans and a few friends went bathing in a pool nearby. Knowing Mrs. Donovan was busy making clam chowder, they could hardly forget the delicious aroma. They enjoyed it, besides salads, cake, watermelon, and iced tea. Those in the party were Mrs. J. B. Gass, Mr. Harry Salmon, Miss Dorothy Bilker, the daughter of a sergeant at Mitchell Field; Marjorie Donovan, and Mr. and Mrs. Donovan.

There was good fishing last Wednesday for Elmer Hannan and his wife. Led by Dr. Nies as pilot fish, a whole school of Southern and Central States shad rushed to their bait. Said bait consisted of the most cozy and home-like bungalow anyone could wish to see. The "school of shad" consisted of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Underhill, Dr. and Mrs. Nies and their children, also Miss M. E. Zell and Mrs. Austin. The role of pilot was then assumed by Mr. Hannan, who led them to quiet deep blue waters for a splash and a swim before luncheon. The trip via Westchester's famed parkways caused Underhill to forget his Tar-Heel loyalty long enough to confess that there are other beauty spots beside North Carolina only a half-hour beyond the pavements of New York.

The Entertainment Committee of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, who have charge of the outing on Sunday, August 7th, have been swamped for tickets, the 500 tickets have all gone, and they now have chartered a larger steamer (either Cambridge or Myles Standish), and are now prepared to take on as many as desire to go on the outing. All however must forward their address, because in case of rain on the 7th of August, the outing will be postponed, and they will be notified of the later date.

The chief event will be an "indoor" baseball game, of course, in the open field, but there will be swimming and other sports, at Hook Mountain, the place where the outing will be held, which is a delightful sail up the Hudson River of three and a half hours.

The two grandsons of Anthony Capelle are at Camp Talcott, at Huguenot, N. Y. This camp comprises 200 boys ranging in age 7 to 12. They publish a weekly sheet called the "Talcott Tatler." Both of Mr. Capelle's grandsons are on the staff. Kenneth Parkes, the eldest (nine) is the cartoonist, and Philip Anthony Parkes, who is only seven, is on the editorial staff. Their mother came all the way from Atlantic City, N. J., where she is vacationing, to visit them last week, and found that they were having the time of their young lives, in sports as well as educationally.

Mrs. Henrietta Stiven (nee Witschiff), widow of the late Henry Stiven, of Brooklyn, died last July 18th, at 2:40 A.M., aged eighty-one years, after a short illness. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery July 20th. She was born in old Greenwich Village, and was a lifelong resident of Brooklyn. She was a member of Salem Evangelical Church for over twenty-five years. She is survived by two brothers, Peter and George Witschiff, the only remaining members of the Witschiff family.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Tanya Nash's friend, Mr. Fred A. Bishop, president of Iron Steamboat Co. of New Jersey, gave a ticket to Hebrew Association for the Deaf to the Fanwood Religious School children to have a boat ride to Coney Island July 22d. That was their second outing. They spent most of their time swimming and patronizing amusements. A pleasant time was had by all of them with their teacher and friend, Mr. Lief.

Miss Ophelia Osborne was at her old home in Tennessee during July, and looks the picture of health and happiness.

The protest of the local divisions and individual members of Greater New York against the creation of another Division in the Bronx, to be known as "Fordham" has been heeded. Official notice was received from the President of the National body, that its consent was refused, and it has been said that the reason thereof is because there are enough Divisions in Greater New York, and new members can join any of these Divisions.

No other deaf sufferer has been reported at the recent big fire at Coney Island. Mr. Lashinsky, who had to return to Manhattan in only his bathing suit, was met on Monday, and he informed us scribe that he returned to Coney Island the day following the fire, and to his surprise and joy his clothes were returned to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rathheim and daughter, Doris, have gone to Greenwich, N. Y., where they are visiting Mrs. Rathheim's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sonn. Mrs. Rathheim's father, Mr. Sonn, is greatly improved in health. Mr. Rathheim and his brother-in-law, Mr. Isidore M. Sonn, have been to Saratoga and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Kessler and Mrs. Warren, of Nashville, Tenn., again motored back to New York, Mr. Carr, of Tennessee, at the wheel, and on Saturday evening made another short call at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. They are stopping at Astoria, L. I. Mrs. Rembeck also was a welcome visitor.

Mr. Herman Cahen, president of the Cleveland Deaf-Mute Sphinx Club, motored to this city on Saturday, the 16th of July. Mr. Milton Cassell came back to New York with him, and since then Milton has taken him about the city, and introduced him to many New York deaf-mutes. Mr. Cahen so far has greatly enjoyed his stay here.

On Friday, the 22d, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ehnes accompanied Mr. and Mrs. W. Aufort to Albany in the latter's car. Sunday they returned by way of Haines Falls, and stopped over to visit Miss Alice Judge at West Saugerties in the Catskills.

Cadwalader Washburn, the wonderful deaf-mute etcher of world-wide fame, has been in Spain for quite a while. He is always on hand where a war is carried on or a revolution has happened. I presume that explains his absence from the reunion of Gallaudet College Alumni. He was a student from Minnesota and graduated with the Class of 1890.

Mr. Arthur Lincoln Thomas was a visitor on Washington Heights last week. He is the famous deaf-mute salesman at the 13th Street and Broadway store of Rogers Peet Company. Looking like a middle-aged gentleman, no one would believe that he and his wife were married forty-two years ago on July 22d.

Charles Miller, physical director of the Columbus O. School for the Deaf, is in the city for a short visit. So far he has met many of the deaf hereabouts.

William DeAmicis and Charles Casella, of Newark, N. J., on Saturday, the 23d inst., came to this city and made many acquaintances with the New York deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jancuska, and their brother and sister-in-law, who reside at Ridley Park, Pa., were in the city last Saturday.

Benjamin Segal, of Boston, Mass., has been New York for the past two weeks. He is stopping with his brother at Sunnyside, L. I.

The landlord of the old quarters of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has notified the officials of the League that the premises will be ready for occupancy on the first of August.

Mrs. B. A. Ciavolino and two children, of Astoria, L. I., are vacationing on the farm of H. G. Wells, Riverhead, L. I. They are enjoying and resting wonderfully. They will return home after Labor Day.

Miss Dorothy Ahearn and Edward Ahearn, of College Point, L. I., are spending several days at Lake Ronkonkoma with their aunt. They will also spend two weeks in Holbrook, L. I.

A bouncing baby boy weighing 7 lbs. was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjie Bernstein (nee Tessie Farber) on July 9th, at the Jewish Memorial Hospital in Brooklyn. Mother and baby are doing well.

Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock, vicar of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, with Mrs. Braddock, will spend part of his vacation in Vermont, after August 7th.

Miss Myra L. Barrager has just returned from her vacation, as parish worker of St. Ann's Church. It was very enjoyably spent among old scenes in Hancock, Vermont, and thereabouts in Pennsylvania.

Miss B. Newman, of Baltimore, along with the entire family, is sojourning at the St. Charles Hotel in Atlantic City.

Moë E. Josephs has returned to work with a heavy coat of tan from his three-day vacation at Delaware Cliff Camp, Flatbrookville, N. J., where his son, Warren, is spending the summer.

Miss Mae F. Austru enjoyed her vacation of three weeks, camping on Lake Lashaway at East Brookfield, Mass., with a cousin and friends. Daily swimming and canoeing have given her a nice healthy coat of tan. On the way back she stopped in Connecticut with friends for a few days.

Barney Kindel went to Keansburg, N. J., by boat, and then had a nice time going to Asbury Park, N. J., by motor.

Mrs. Fred Parker has returned to the city after a week at Asbury Park, N. J.

### Catholic Deaf-Mutes to Celebrate Their Greatest Feast-Day

Next Sunday, July 31st, the eleventh Sunday after Pentecost, which is known to Catholic deaf-mutes as Ephpheta Sunday (Ephpheta "be thou opened," being the word Christ used in curing the deaf-mute boy) is the greatest distinctively Catholic deaf-mute feast-day in the entire calendar.

The Gospel, which is read on this day in all the Catholic churches of the world, tells the story (consoling to deaf-mutes) of the cure of the deaf-mute boy by our Divine Lord.

The Catholic deaf-mutes of New York, scattered throughout the five boroughs, will attend services and receive Holy Communion in a body at the 9 o'clock mass next Sunday (July 31st), in the students' chapel, 30 West 16th Street.

The sermon on the Gospel of the day will be given in the sign-language by Father Purtell, S.J., the pastor of the New York deaf.

After services, breakfast will be served in the new college cafeteria. Breakfast over, all will go by subway, or elevated, or auto to St. Joseph's Institute for Catholic Deaf Children, at Westchester, where a pleasant day is promised, and where games, etc., for prizes will be held on the spacious grounds of the institution.

The day will close with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It will be a great pleasure for all the Catholic deaf to spend this great Catholic deaf-mute festival at the Westchester school, especially for those boys and girls who were pupils at the school.

Incidentally, Ephpheta Sunday falls this year on the feast-day of St. Ignatius of Loyola (July 31st), a double reason for the Catholic deaf-mutes of Greater New York to celebrate in full force, as it is the feast-day of the founder of the Jesuit Order, which has cared for the spiritual interests of the Catholic deaf-mutes of New York at St. Francis Xavier's on 16th Street for the past fifty years.

FATHER M. A. PURTELL, S.J.,  
Pastor of the Deaf-Mutes of New York

### Chess

The ratings of the members of the Berkeley Silent Chess Club, up to July 15th, are, according to the tables of the American Federation of Chess:

Baugh	495	M. Jacobs	181
Bruns	179	Tilden	225
Frank	196	Maldonado	206
Howson	232	Vinton	183
H. Jacobs	194		

The deaf club played against the Oakland Chess Club (hearing) last Wednesday and tied with 5 to 5. Howson and Bruns distinguished themselves. The Oakland Club, thereon, made a tender to the deaf club that Berkeley affiliates with Oakland and consequently with the National Federation, which tender is accepted, though the deaf members continue to play among each other as a body. Mr. Daka (hearing) of the Oakland Club, the third champion of America (1,200 points), and Tiffin of the same club, a talented High School boy (950 points), are to play against the world masters at the Olympic games in August.

### RECORDED.

### Selling an Automobile at Retail

Yankee shrewdness is proverbial. That that trait is still characteristic of the race we gather from a story told by Mr. E. E. Whiting in the Boston Herald. He writes:

Down at East Providence lives a man who had a used automobile, the name of which is a household word, and he wanted to sell it. Disappointment came to him when he took it to a dealer. The owner's price was one hundred dollars. The dealer's offer was sixty dollars.

"I'd rather sell it bit by bit than take any such price as that," the owner said indignantly.

So he went home and began to sell the car by bits. First he got rid of the tires; he took in trade for them another set not quite so good and a little cash. Next he swapped windows; he took in trade for an older windshield and a little cash. He continued to trade the car piece by piece. He swapped brakes, lights and cushions, and then began to repeat the process. He is now on his sixth body; he has collected one hundred and thirty dollars in cash—and he still has a car.

"I don't quite know," he says, "whether I shall call the street-cleaning department or the undertaker to remove the final remains."

### Athletic Accidents

Most of the injuries that occur to athletes or to those who are too strenuous in their sports, golf, tennis, football, driving, fishing, horseback riding, or what not, are sprains of the special muscles most used, though occasionally there are fractures, joint injuries, and more serious accidents. It will suffice to enumerate the more common injuries, and then to speak briefly of the treatment.

Golfer's back is a sprain of the broad muscle of the back, and also of a deep-seated muscle running up on either side of the spinal column. Bowler's side is a sprain of one of the anterior serrate muscles, which run from the ribs to the shoulder blades, and of one of the lateral abdominal muscles. In driver's elbow, it is not the joint that is affected, but the muscles that straighten the arm and turn the hand palm upward. Rider's leg is somewhat more serious, for it is usually a rupture of the fibres that attach the ligaments to the adductor muscles of the thigh, with which the rider presses his leg against the animal's sides, and so gets his grip; sometimes, however, it is a simple sprain of one of the muscles, analogous to the bowler's side and the golfer's back. Jumper's sprain is a sprain of one of the calf muscles and of the hamstring muscles, which pass as two cords on either side behind the knee from the thigh to the leg. Angler's or fisherman's elbow is virtually the same as driver's elbow; the injury occurs when the fisherman is casting a fly or throwing out the hook when fishing with bait.

Two other common sprains are tennis leg and tennis arm. The first is a spasm of the calf muscles, which throws down the front of the foot and raises the heel so that walking is impossible; the contraction is often so powerful as to tear some of the muscle fibres and cause an effusion of blood, which shows later as a black-and-blue swelling on the back of the leg and ankle. Tennis arm is seldom cramped, but is marked by an obstinate soreness and stiffness of the arm from strain of the muscles that make the throw-back movements.

Treatment of the several varieties of sprain is simple. Temporary rest with hot applications and not too powerful rubbing, or, better yet, professional massage, will usually effect a cure in a few days. Rest should not be prolonged, for a sprained muscle, as well as a sprained joint, will become stiff if kept inactive long.

### Hard Tack and Industry

July, 1863, was humid and hot in and round Washington, D. C. On the hottest Sunday morning in the month, writes Mr. C. P. Smith, in the Stepladder, a boy of thirteen years was lying on his elbow halfway down the slope of red earth that marked the outer defense hastily thrown up to protect the capital from invasion. A tousled thatch of yellow hair stuck through the holes in his chip-straw hat. Two not overclean legs protruded from a pair of cast-off soldier trousers, shortened to fit the present owner. In one hand the boy clasped a murderous-looking dirk knife, with which he was trying to split a piece of hard-tack, so as to make a soldier sandwich for his belated breakfast. On the parapet above an occasional sentry would kick a clod of earth down the embankment in a friendly greeting.

Finally a gaunt, tall man with shoulders slightly bent, dressed in a long-tailed frock coat, appeared, gazing out over the slashing of the timber that had been felled to retard the enemy's approach. Behind the man a few paces distant was a group of officers. When the figure below caught his attention he asked: "Having a good breakfast, bub?"

The lad, thinking him the chaplain who had come out to preach to the soldiers, showed his pertness by saying: "Yes. Want a bite?"

To his astonishment, the tall man stooped down, took a bite from the proffered hard-tack, made an awkward salute, and passed on.

To the young lieutenant who followed with the escort squad, the boy shouted: "Who was that old feller?"

"Abraham Lincoln," was the reply. "I was that little boy, and it was the first, last, and only time I have ever dined with a President of the United States!"

### Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Dioceses of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 216 E Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, N. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 P.M.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Services second Sunday, 11 A.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church. Services fourth Sunday, 3 P.M. Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, Newport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—\$2.00 a year.

### Humor in Transformed Titles

The recent observance throughout the country of Children's Book Week at the instance of the American Library Association has naturally led to the telling and retelling of the experiences of librarians in dealing with childish patrons. Some of the funniest mistakes that children make are so natural that they recur again and again. The demand for "Three Mosquitoes" (pronounced "skeeters" of course) by Dumas is a perennial source of joy. Young America is all too familiar with mosquitoes; and whether or not it supposes that musketeers are an aerial force of the same nature, it frequently pronounces the name as if it did.

Books that take their titles from proper names of places, heroes or heroines undergo some odd transformations. The boy who wanted "Iron Hole" received Ivanhoe after little delay; the girl who asked for "Martha Fuzzyswitch" would scarcely have had to wait long even if she had not thought to add "by Charles Dickens," whereupon she was promptly handed Martin Chuzzlewit. "Robin Caruso"—melodious combination—was readily interpreted when inquired for by a small son of sunny Italy who was not yet familiar with Crusoe and his man Friday, but who was quite familiar with the name of his famous fellow countryman. "A Sick Family's Robins" was quickly guessed to mean our old friends the Swiss Family Robinson. Nor did it take much thought to translate "Several on a Peak" into Peril of the Peak; and the young reader may have been no less satisfied with his choice, even though it proved not to be the tale of mountaineering adventure he doubtless expected.

But it took a clever librarian to discover in "Danny de Wonder" that serious gem of English literature, Daniel Deronda, and after the discovery was made, to explain convincingly to the youngster who had asked for it that he could not possibly want it. He had chanced to hear an adored teacher, who was also an athlete, mention it to another teacher as a highly interesting book; and he had naturally assumed that the interesting Danny was a wonder in some form of athletics.

"I thought most like he was a pitcher," he admitted sorrowfully, "but it wouldn't of jolted me none if he'd played football, or wrestled, or been an all-round star at a track meet, or raced a car, or flew a machine; most any kind of wonder would have suited me all right. But if he ain't a wonder at all, and his name ain't Danny, he ain't the boy I thought he was, and I sure don't want him. Gimme Huckleberry Finn instead."

### Yes, There is; Guess Its Name

The teacher was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence, and then Tommy, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up. "Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

We admire resourcefulness, except when its object is our pocketbook.

### All Souls' Church for the Deaf

(Protestant Episcopal)  
3220 North Sixteenth Street,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rev. Warren M. Small, M.A., S.T.B.,  
Rector, James H. Richards, Lay-Reader.  
SUNDAYS OR SERVICES

During July, August and September—Sundays, Morning Prayer, at 10:00 A.M. Third Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, at 10:00 A.M.

From October to June inclusive—Sundays, Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday, at 4:15 P.M.

Callers are welcome during office hours on Thursday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. On Saturday evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3220 North Sixteenth Street.

### St. Matthew's Lutheran Mission for the Deaf

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor

192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 P.M. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Reobling Street. Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 45th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 6:30 to 8 P.M. The rooms are located on the third floor of the Parish House, adjoining the Church.

### Pacific Northwest Services

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary

Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M., Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, 10th Avenue and E. Galer Street.

Tacoma, September 11th, 1:15 P.M., Christ Church.  
Vancouver, October 23d, 2 P.M., St. Luke's Parish House.  
Portland, October 23d, 4:30 P.M., St. Stephen's Cathedral.  
Rev. Homer E. Grace, of Denver, will be in Portland August 4th and 5th, and will preach in Seattle August 7th, and in San Francisco August 14th.

## FANWOOD

Our new principal, Mr. Victor O. Skyberg, arrived at the school last Saturday, July 23d, to take up his residence here and assume the duties of his office.

Mr. and Mrs. Skyberg and their two daughters, bade goodbye to their many Minnesota friends last week, and boarded one of the Great Lakes steamers at Duluth for a long cool sail to Buffalo, which was most enjoyable during the hot weather. The rest of the trip was completed by auto.

Fanwood is a familiar place to Mr. Skyberg, as he was a former teacher here a comparatively short time ago, and his return is merely revisiting old scenes. His many former pupils, now graduated, will be glad of the opportunity of again seeing their "old schoolmaster" often. During his absence he has been advancing up the ladder of progress—a professor at Gallaudet College and the principalship of the Minnesota school, with varied side lines of study pertaining to the handicapped. He now comes back to us most eminently fitted to carry on the traditionally high educational standards at Fanwood.

While nominally Fanwood is closed for the summer, it is in reality a hive of activity, with various improvements and replacements constantly being made, and nearly every kind of trade is called upon to do something, beginning with the tinsmith and roofer, who has plenty to do around such a large plant as the Institution.

The plumbers have been installing new wash basins with open fixtures in the main and hospital buildings, replacing the old-style, closet-like apparatus. Other piping and fixtures were installed in the various sleeping rooms for the household help.

The old familiar trough in the printing office, on which the forms of type were shunted, so as to be under the water faucets to get a good cleaning and soaking before distribution, is no more. With most of the paper set by linotype, the trough was no longer needed, and has been replaced by a modern enameled sink, six feet long, with three sets of hot and cold mixing water faucets of a non-splashing variety. There is also a separate drinking fountain, and the whole unit presents a pleasant modern aspect. Doubtless one or two of the newer printer apprentices will have an industrious time keeping it spic and span.

Much new flooring in various parts of the buildings has been laid, chiefly in the classrooms and ground floors. The pupils main dining room came in for a goodly share, while the officers' dining room floor got a resurfacing. For the time being the tables were strung out in the long corridor, and the officers dined Pullman style.

Parts of the sidewalk on 165th Street have been made over, and the driveway entrance between the laundry and trades school building was laid solid, a foot thick.

The pantry floor of the pupils' dining room was removed and a new one of concrete put on. In ripping up the old boards there was found an interesting piece of wood underneath. About a foot and a half long, it contains in bold pencilled letters, the legend "WATSON, 1882." Quite a coincidence that it should come to light exactly fifty years later.—One can visualize the curly red-haired boy at that time putting the stick under, with his name on, for posterity to discover later. The curls have disappeared, and the scanty locks left have turned to gray. The boy grew up and graduated, and successfully pursued his trade of carpentry. He married in due course of time, and has three grown-up boys, and is still living with them at the old family house in Yonkers, N. Y. His father died while he was still a schoolboy, and he took his stepfather's name, becoming known as William Watson Thomas. The piece of wood was presented to Mr. Thomas for a souvenir.

The school personnel continues to come and go on their vacations. Mrs. Slocum, the principal's secretary, returned recently, as did Mr. Davis, the accountant. In turn the book-keepers have gone on theirs. Miss Gunther is at a resort on the Jersey coast, while Mr. Grubert is with the home folks in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Joseph Sosidka returned Monday, after a delightful vacation with friends on Long Island, part of the time of which he spent in visiting various carpenter and woodworking shops, to study their methods.

Mr. William A. Renner, the printing instructor, takes his vacation week-ends, going up to his country place in the Catskills, and has made so many trips to and fro that he knows by heart almost every house and tree by the highway along that route.

Otto Johnson, the boys' tutor, left on the 12th for an auto tour to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and expects to go sightseeing over a large section of the State in the car.

Mr. Lux, the physical director, and Mrs. Lux, are spending a month at Orient Point, L. I.

Miss Madge Dolph, of the teaching staff, is conducting the summer school here for the thirty odd pupils who remain at the Institution. The school will remain in session till September.

Among the influx of visitors at the JOURNAL office lately, were Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Underhill, of North Carolina; Miss Ethelburga Zell, of Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Moss, of Baltimore, Md.; and Mrs. Helen L. Austin, of Michigan. They had been attending the Gallaudet summer classes.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harris, of West Orange, N. J., were visitors this week. Mr. Harris comes from the Pittsburgh school, and his wife is a graduate of Trenton. They were accompanied by George W. Krekel, who matriculated at Fanwood some forty-five years ago, and as usual in such cases, was hardly able to locate the school in its new surroundings.

Prof. Albert Berg, of Indianapolis, Ind., was a caller recently, in company with Rev. Edward Kaercher, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Herbert Carroll stopped in for a while Monday. He is on the night shift of a downtown printing office.

Messrs. Joseph Karus and Dana Libby were callers last week.

### Jim Crow's Love Affair

Henry had caught a crow, which he named Jim. The previous summer the boy had found a hawk and, bringing him home, had clipped a wing. Jim, one of whose wings was clipped also, began gradually to form a decided affection for Buzzy, as the hawk was called. But Buzzy was not interested.

About half past five one afternoon when the heat had become less intense Henry and I happened to be in the front yard when a scuffling sound attracted our attention, and we saw Buzzy coming round the house, making for the fountain. His progress was like that of an eagle—short, crouching runs with wings outspread. About seven feet behind him came Jim, not walking or running or hopping in approved crow fashion—oh, no; he also was making short, crouching runs with outspread wings.

Reaching the fountain, Buzzy paused a moment and then with dignity stepped in and bathed. Jim stood at a respectful distance, watching every movement, and when Buzzy stepped out and walked away without once glancing in the crow's direction, Jim hopped into the water and proceeded to bathe in exactly the way the hawk had done, though he did it self-consciously and awkwardly. He stayed in the water about as long as Buzzy had stayed; then out he hopped and with the affected runs and wing spreads was off after his beloved idol.

The next day a still more ridiculous thing happened. Buzzy was squatting on the top rail of the fence, slumped down in a discouraged attitude and looking off toward the Rocky Mountains, and Jim was on the ground, tilting his head and looking up at him. Suddenly the crow began to climb the fence; but his efforts with bill, claws and flapping wings did not cause Buzzy to move an eyelid. Once on the top rail, Jim sidled to within a few inches of the hawk and turned up his head to gaze at him. Buzzy did not move. Then Jim drew nearer and settled down at the hawk's side. Still Buzzy ignored him.

Then Jim grew desperate—or so it seemed to us who were watching him—and hunched his shoulder into Buzzy's wing much as a person nudges another with his elbow. The hawk took no notice, and Jim nudged him again. Then Buzzy slowly began to elongate himself and to tilt his head disdainfully to see what had dared to touch him. Seeing only the insignificant atom of a crow, he slumped disgustedly into his feathers once more and resumed his gaze at the Rockies.

Another nudge followed; whereupon the hawk proudly raised himself to his full height and quietly lifted his near leg just as Jim sidled up a little snigger. Then like a flash the hawk seized him behind the wings and, holding him out in front, settled himself down on the other leg and fixed his gaze once more on the mountains. All the while Jim was kicking and squawking and emitting bloodcurdling squawks and shrieks.

By means of sticks we finally made Buzzy relinquish poor



## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Quite a good many from this city are going to London to attend the big picnic of the deaf at Springbank Park on Labor Day, and no wonder; they are in for a good time.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne has returned from a few days' outing at Keswick, a summer resort on the south shore of Lake Simcoe, where she had a very restful time.

Mr. A. C. Shepherd commenced his three weeks' annual holidays on July 18th, putting in his time at home and at his sister's cottage at Wasaga Beach, on Georgian Bay.

Mr. H. W. Roberts, who is billed to speak in Sarnia on August 21st, will take for his subject "The Two Supreme Tests." Mrs. Roberts expects to accompany him to the "Tunnel City," on the invitation of their friends up there.

Mr. W. W. Scott and a party of friends enjoyed the week-end of July 9th fishing out at Frenchman's Bay, and were lucky in landing a number of fine bass for the breakfast table.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and family left for a visit to relatives and friends in Oshawa, Bowmanville, Hampton, Napance, Belleville, and other points east, on a three weeks' vacation, which commenced on July 16th. They took in the big picnic at Port Dalhousie before they left for the East.

Mrs. A. Martin and her four young daughters, of Waterloo, are at present down here on a lengthy stay with her mother and other relatives.

Mr. Frank E. Harris went down to conduct the service for the deaf of the Oshawa Mission on July 10th, and had a very good lunch. Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and Mr. George McLaren, of Raglan, were at this service.

Mrs. Boyd and Miss Pearl Hermon were down in Oshawa for the week-end of July 9th, visiting the former's brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Bell, meeting Mr. Harris' meeting that Sunday.

Miss Kathleen Maginn is, at this writing, visiting with her aunt, Mrs. H. W. Roberts, at "Mora Glen," and took in our big picnic at Port Dalhousie on July 16th. Her parents and two younger sisters were also at "Mora Glen" on July 15th.

Mrs. John T. Shilton and children are at present spending a month at their cottage at Wasaga Beach, on the shores of Georgian Bay. Mr. Shilton occasionally runs up for a brief rest when his heavy business slackens up a bit.

Miss Jean McCaul has gone up for a lengthy sojourn with relatives in Chesley. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall and son, Joffre, of Cookstown, motored down to take in our big picnic at Port Dalhousie on July 16th, and then spent that week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and family.

The Averalls were accompanied by the Sloan brothers, Harry and Wallace, who also took in our picnic and put in that week-end with their many school pals here.

Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas, came down to join in our merry outing to Port Dalhousie on July 16th, and after a few days' visit with friends here, left for a visit to her good old friend, Miss G. Linn, in Belleville.

As these esteemed ladies were former teachers in the Belleville school, their meeting once more must have been most congenial.

Miss Lena Doubledee, of Wroxeter, has returned home after a very delightful visit with relatives and friends here. She took in our picnic at Port Dalhousie and had a very happy time meeting her numerous schoolmates and other friends. We regret that Miss Luella Simmons, who lives across the road from the Doubledee home, was unable to come down and enjoy herself in a like way.

Mr. Robert Golds, who came down from Kitchener some weeks ago, has gone into the shoe-repairing business with his brother, Charlie, Jr., and the two would make things hum were Bobbie to remain for good, but he contemplates going back to Kitchener again, to enter a higher course when the school bell rings out again.

Messrs. William and Norman Sero, of Hagersville, were in the city, greeting their old schoolmates again. They are a fine pair of chaps.

Miss Florence Jaffray, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Jaffray, returned home on July 15th, after a very delightful sojourn at Sutton West with a company of Girl Guides, who camped under canvas for a fortnight. Mr. Jaffray commenced his vacation on July 17th, but where he and his family were going we know not at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Bell, accompanied by Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., and Mrs. Harry Mason, motored out to Oakville, where they spent July 10th very pleasantly with Mrs. R. M. Thomas at her cottage, known as "Georgina Cottage."

During their recent visit here, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen, accompanied by their daughters, Mrs. N. A. McGillivray and Mrs. Harry Oliver, motored out to St. Catharines on July 13th and spent the day with relatives. The Allens and Mrs. Oliver returned to Montreal on July 14th.

Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, was the speaker at our service here on July 17th, and gave a very fine address on the modesty of Christ and the narrow-mindedness of man. If all the world was in a class or type of Christ's living, we would hardly know of the ills that confront us all the time.

"Joy to the World, for the Lord Hath Come," was a hymn well rendered by Miss Annabel Thomson, in her usual pleasing way, which she gave before the sermon and afterwards. Miss Pearl Hermon recited "Christ Hath Loved Us and Given Himself for Us."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Golds, Sr., and Mr. Albert Siess motored down from Kitchener on July 15th, and spent that week-end very pleasantly with their many relatives and friends here. We were delighted to see them again.

After the picnic at Port Dalhousie, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt went out to St. Catharines, and remaining overnight with friends, attended the service for the deaf of the Niagara Peninsula Mission, at which Mr. Watt was the speaker. There was a good turnout.

Our annual church picnic was held at Port Dalhousie on July 16th, under ideal weather conditions, but the crowd was below the usual standard in numbers, which was mainly due to the widespread depression.

### KITCHENER KNOCKS

Mrs. Absalom Martin and children have gone down to her mother's home in Toronto for the summer. Sorry to say Mrs. Martin is not as well as usual, but hope the rest will do her good.

Mr. Gordon Meyer has returned to work again after a month's lay-off. His buoyant smiles bespeak how happy he feels on going back to his old job again.

There is a young deaf girl in Preston, who has been going to an oral school nearby, but has not improved a bit in an educational way, that her parents are now anxious to send her to a school where the sign-language is used, and where they know she can learn more rapidly under the combined system.

Zelleck Shiff and Gordon Meyer are so chummy that they are almost invariably seen together. They had their old schoolmate, Mr. Holt, up from Hamilton for a visit lately, and Mrs. Lucille Moynihan invited them and a few others in for tea one evening.

Miss Jane Swartz, who first went to a day school in Chicago, and then to an oral school in Detroit, and who has been at the Belleville for the past three years, will go and attend the Buffalo School for the Deaf this Fall.

Jane has been at school, under pure-oralism, for the past twelve years, but seems no further advanced in learning than one who has been at a combined-system-teaching school but one year.

All the parents of our Kitchener and Waterloo pupils are more and more interested in the sign-language, and love to see their children using it and having good times. They look upon pure-oralism as a very useless fad, and so costly for nothing in return.

There are two nice little deaf boys in this city who may go to the Belleville school next September. One is the McClellands', who will be five years old next March, and the other is Clifford Martin, now five summers born. The parents of both boys approve of signs, and are adopting it themselves in order to facilitate their conversation with their children more speedily and conveniently.

Since Mrs. William Hagen went down to the Freeport Hospital last November, she has had many of the deaf come to see her at different intervals. Among them were Messrs. Holt and Bell, of Hamilton, who had never seen her before; Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang and daughter, Ruth, of Speedville; Mrs. John Forsythe, of Elmira; and Messrs. Allan Nahrgang, Absalom Martin, Thomas Williams, Gordon Meyer, Albert Siess, and Mrs. Charles Golds, Sr., of Kitchener. Mrs. Hagen is always glad to see her deaf friends, whose visits are like rays of good cheer.

### ST. THOMAS SIFTINGS

Mr. George R. Munroe, who was taken to the Memorial Hospital in this city on the 6th of last November, with an infected toe, which brought on other complications that kept him there longer than was expected, was able to leave the hospital on June 24, feeling as fine as he did when he and your Canadian correspondent to the JOURNAL sat side by side in the articulation class at the Belleville school many years ago, when they were living the happiest days of their lives.

We are holding an informal picnic at Pinafore Park in this city, not at Part Stanley, as was at first stated, and it will be run off on August 1st, our Civic Holiday. It is just a fore-runner to the coming big one at Springbank Park on Labor Day, when hundreds will be there. We expect the same bunch here, more or less, that were present last year. Only fun and eating, no prizes or prior arrangements, except grabbing the desired spot at the park first thing in the morning, before other clusters of picnickers arrive.

### IN THE LONG AGO

Thirty-one years ago, Mr. Noah LaBelle was working in Toronto, and making the grade, but the call to other pastures was too much for him to resist, so he packed up and invaded Uncle Sam's domains, but after traveling far and wide over the border, found Toronto just as good after all. But his return was more than one of significance, for not long after, he married Miss Flora McGregor, of Toronto, and they later went west.

Today, we find them making the greenbacks fly in Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., and the parents of two charming daughters. By the way, Mr. LaBelle is one of Canada's best checker players.

In 1901, Mr. W. E. Gray and the late Mr. William Lightfoot were star players on the Grace Church football team of the Toronto Junior Football League, and on Thanksgiving Day of that year their team and the Crescent team, also of Toronto, journeyed up to Acton to play the final game for the League championship. The Crescents won. Mr. Gray is now married and living in Mimico, Ont.

Thirty-one years ago, Mr. Louis Phillips, a deaf man, "just out from the Land of the Czar," and an expert cigar maker in Montreal, was up at the Belleville school, looking for a Hebrew helpmate. We have not heard of him since. Who he married, or where he is at present is not known.

On November 27th, 1901, Miss Emily Wood, of London, was happily married. She is a sister of Mr. Nelson Wood, formerly of Exeter, but now of Santa Barbara, Cal. Over eighty guests attended this nuptial event.

Thirty years ago, Mr. Duncan A. Morrison, who was then working in a pork-packing factory in Collingwood, was making the biggest wages of any of the employees. He was the first pupil to enter the Belleville school in 1870. He married Miss Mary Graham, of Elmvalle, who is now Mrs. William Waugh, of Moose Jaw, Sask. Mr. Morrison was run over and instantly killed by a street car in Hamilton a number of years ago.

The well-known Nahrgang family, then of Baden, held a large family reunion at their home on Christmas Day in 1901, and again on New Year's Day a week later. Among the big crowd present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. James Buck and children, then of Malahide, but now living near Thorndale; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKenzie, of Harley. Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. McKenzie have since gone to the eternal reunion far above. The oldest deaf boy in the Nahrgang family, the late Mr. Oliver Nahrgang, had the misfortune to have four fingers on his right hand cut off by a cutting machine just a week previous to this big gathering.

### SIMPLE SUGGESTIONS

A good suggestion, given in time, often turns out to be the nucleus to a happy ending, and here is one we would like to tender to the managing committee of the forthcoming picnic of the deaf at Springbank Park near London, next Labor Day. Of course, we have not the slightest desire to interfere with their plans, but to merely hand out a nice suggestion.

In seasons past, many of those who have had the great pleasure of attending the Springbank picnic year after year in the past, have found it necessary to leave immediately after supper, and sometimes without supper—especially those from distant points. All this was due to the late completion of the sports programme, necessitating a hasty supper, if any at all. Now, good friends, would it not be more feasible and convenient to commence the games at eleven, or earlier in the forenoon, and thus have a good portion of the sports programme finished ere the good "housewife" and her assistants sound the call to dinner, then finish the programme right after the noon lunch, thus giving all plenty of time to rest up in social intercourse ere they commence their homeward trek. It would also afford the ladies ample time to watch the finishing matches before setting the tables for the evening meal.

Some suggest that two different games be reeled off at once, but in this case many would be deprived of the opportunity of watching one or the other game. To begin early with one game at a time, all would be over early in the afternoon, and the whole crowd pleased at seeing all the competitors in action. This suggestion is merely a handout to the committee in charge, which may be either adopted after due consideration or relegated to the scrap-pile.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Preston, of Peterboro, and babe, spent the week-end of July 3d with Mrs. Preston's mother in Bobcaygeon, and the little one was christened at its grandparents' church that Sunday. Then all motor-

ed out to Mrs. Wright's daughter's place, where the whole bunch spent the afternoon and had tea in a family circle.

On June 25th, Miss Annie B. Schofield, now matron at the Manitoba School for the Deaf at Winnipeg, gave Miss Francis Kinney, of Acton, a big surprise by dropping in upon her unexpectedly, and how glad they were to meet once more after not seeing each other for over ten years. Miss Schofield, who was a teacher at the Belleville school for several years, was on her way to attend the Ontario Agricultural College reunion in Guelph, and was accompanied by five lady friends. Miss Schofield is at present holidaying in Ontario and Quebec.

Mr. Stanley B. Wright is still working at Tichbourne, but may be transferred to Tweed. Since assuming the Tichbourne post of the C. P. Rail, way, he has been going home to see his family in Bobcaygeon quite often.

Mr. Fernando J. LaBrie, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has returned home from his two weeks' vacation, which he enjoyed very much at his old home in New Bedford, Mass. He also made a business trip to Providence, R. I., and Fall River, Mass. Fernando is still a carefree and jovial old bachelor.

The number of deaf who intend attending the London Association of the Deaf picnic at Springbank Park on Labor Day is likely to exceed all previous records, judging from present indications. At least three score may run up from Toronto, including the jolly bus-load. There is bound to be fun for all.

Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, motored over to Southampton on July 12th, to see if Mr. John Taylor could help him on the farm, but just then Jack was too busy in his own shop. However, we hear that Mr. George Caswell, who went to his old home lately for a short holiday, has now gone back to the "Conover Farm" again, to give Tom a lift.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gorzowski, of Flint, on June 25th, and now they have three boys and one girl. The mother was formerly Miss Jean Cole, of Goderich, whose deaf brother, Mr. Melvin Cole, was lately married to a nineteen-year-old graduate of the Winnipeg school, who is of Russian nationality; but the writer has not learned where they are living now.

### HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

None of His Business Anyway

Capt. A. B. Randall of the steamship Republic tells a story which we find reported in the Pittsburgh Sun.

"A steward," he said, "stood at the gangway of a ship of mine, and as he stood there he kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers:

"First-class to the right. Second-class to the left."

"A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward, he bent over her and said in his chivalrous way:

"First or second?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "O dear, it's—it's not mine."

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

143 West 125th Street, New York City

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1932

at 8 P.M.

MUSIC DANCING

Cash Prizes for Games

Admission, 35 Cents

Boat Sail.....Sun., Aug. 7th

Thanksgiving Dance.....Wed., Nov. 23d

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

Plan to Retire at Age 55, 60 or 65

Absolutely safe investment. No higher rate to the deaf. Free medical examination.

Offered by the two OLDEST Companies in America

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE OF N. Y.

PLAY SAFE

MARCUS L. KENNER, Agent

114 West 27th Street, New York

Please send me full information.

I was born on

Name

Address

FOR RENT—Six lovely rooms—completely overhauled, polished floors; in quiet neighborhood of Brooklyn; one minute to transit. You have never seen the like before and how modest is the rental! Write for appointment. Adults only. MICHAEL H. HAMBRA, 1747 E. 31st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 27-37

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

First Saturdays

Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y

Entertainments

Aug. 27—Annual Picnic. A. Fogel

Sept. 17—Particulars later.

Oct. 22—Hallowe'en. Ed. Baum

Nov. 19—Thanksgiving

B. Friedwald

Dec. 17—Particulars later.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.

Meets at Edling's Casino, East 156 Street

and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays.

If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Michael Ciavolino, 28-21 48th Street, Astoria, L. I.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M.

Holy Communion, second Sunday of each month.

Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4.30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix

Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies first and third Sunday evenings.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 29—Hallowe'en Party. Miss Avis Allen.

November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams

December 17—Christmas Festival.

Mrs. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman

Cleric Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865

3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.

Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.

Charles Partington, President; George T. Sanders, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round.

Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 43 West 125th Street, New York City

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Out-of-town visitors are welcome.

Business meetings—First Saturdays.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays.

Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)

Owing to the closing of the W. A. D. for the summer, there will be no meetings till Fall.

THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., meets at 115 East 4th St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on first Friday evening of each month during the summer.

Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Reserved for

Manhattan Div. No. 87

November 26, 1932

Reserved for the

CHARITY BALL

of the B. H. S. D.

March 25, 1933

## RAIN OR SHINE PICNIC and GAMES

Aspices of  
Brooklyn Division No. 23 N. F. S. D.

at  
ULMER PARK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Take B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue Station, then walk to the park

AFTERNOON and EVENING  
Saturday, August 27, 1932

Gates open at 1 o'clock

BASEBALL GAME (Teams to be announced later)

FIELD EVENTS

440 YARD DASH ONE-MILE RUN ONE-MILE RELAY

880 YARD WALK 100 YARD DASH TUG-OF-WAR

Games for Ladies and Children

DANCING—UNSURPASSED MUSIC

Admission, - - 50 Cents

Those desiring to participate in Games, should write for particulars to AARON FOGEL, chairman, 3019 East Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## UP THE HUDSON

DELIGHTFUL THREE AND HALF HOUR SAIL TO  
Hook Mountain

ON CHARTERED  
Steamer "CRESCENT"

Aspices of  
DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

35-43 West 125th St., New York City

Sunday, August 7th, 1932

Boat Leaves Pier A, Battery, at 9:00 A.M. Sharp.

MOVIES WILL BE TAKEN ABOARD AND ASHORE

ABOARD—Hurricane Deck, Dancing, Games, Card Parties, Eats, Drinks.

ASHORE—Picnic Grove, Music, Bathing. Baseball game between Brooklyn Frats, No. 23, and another leading team to be selected later.

Tickets—Adults \$1.25. Children (2 to 12 yrs.) 60c

In case of rain, trip will be postponed to a later date. Notices will be mailed to all ticket holders.

Mail your reservations now to Entertainment Committee or reserve yours through a member. Number is limited to ship's capacity.

To GET TO THE BOAT—Lexington Ave. Subway to Bowling Green. Seventh Ave. to South Ferry. B. M. T. to Whitehall St. Sixth and Ninth Ave. "L" to Battery Place.

COMMITTEE RESERVES ALL RIGHTS

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92 N. F. S. D.